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THE SIDE SHOW

What circus would be complete without its sideshow? Even the dog and ponies have their counterparts, in the little tents, and the freak dogs and other domestic animals serve to lift, or drop, the spectator from the plane of the big arena itself.

So in Arizona!

It is rather a travesty on the world to call the recent occurrences, at Florence, via Phoenix, a sideshow; it is rather hard to mention anything in the line of amusement in speaking of capital punishment, however much the participants and chief clowns may deserve the general approval.

On the other hand it is exceedingly hard to view the jockeying, the warring, pro and con, on the question of whether a man is going to die or not, without sinking into a lighter vein, and finding, in the court and its jester, the resemblance to that ancient jester, or the modern child of it—a sideshow.

Statutes? Yes, of statutes, the great state of Arizona has an abundance. In fact the youthful star has a superabundance; to the point where its infantile bark promises to become old while yet a child. Even statutes on capital punishment are upon the law books of the commonwealth. But laws, apparently, in Arizona, are made to break.

When the matter of capital punishment was first broached, in the state of Arizona, it created a profound impression. The merits and demerits of the question have been threshed out from every vantage point. The jester has not escaped quotation and exploitation from both sides. It would appear, however, that the pro's won the question, in the face of the chief jester's mockery and admonition. The minister even promised his sovereign, the state of Arizona, the laws would be upheld.

The jester can not help it, perhaps, but he could no more resist the inducement to further perpetrate his sideshow antics, even after his promise, than could a dog from wagging its tail. It may have been the other way about, like a certain bench-legged tyce.

"When he didn't wag it, why the tail it wagged him."

In either case the sideshow is preposterous and absurd. It is becoming insane and uninteresting, except, of course, to the freaks of the show who are forced to imagine themselves walking on air, from a certain iron platform, in a certain white building, in Florence.

It promises to take all, or nearly all, of the interest away from the "big top" and certainly the circle of advising minstrelsy would heartily advise against such a course. The "big top" promises to be the scene of an other long performance, in the near future, and the sideshow, now being held, are liable to detract from the general health, wealth and happiness of the main attraction's stars.

It is a costly sideshow that is so popular with the people that the main event is cast into the discard—and thereby is found a moral.

SOME PERTINENT FACTS

Figures adduced by certain careful statisticians of the Warren District are disturbing. They would prove that the majority of the residents of this group of towns, comprising the district, do their marketing in Chicago and other cities—but not in Bisbee.

The story of "Buy at Home" is hackneyed in the extreme. There have been "buy at home" days and weeks and yet the man who makes his living in a town feels that he can get more for his money by sending it outside of the community in which he earns it.

It is safe to say that the stores of the district are as well equipped as any in the great west. There are few, in fact, in any of the cities the same size or even greater than Bisbee that offers the same materials at equal prices.

Yet the procession of the dollar, through the various agencies, to the mail order houses, keeps on. The local merchant sees them rolling past his door and smiles—what else can he do?

It would seem only just, however, if occasionally one of those dollars would turn around and size up the situation. It would find that the very payments, over which it rolls, are provided by the merchant he is snubbing; that the taxes providing protection for his home and family come from the same source and, lastly, when that dollar must go for several of its kind that it is the same merchant who extends the credit.

Think it over, and let the Bisbee merchant compete.

WHAT IS THE NAVY FOR?

Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, said in a recent speech:

"If we are going to stand by what we have, and uphold American ideals, then the words, 'national defense,' mean a defense that stretches across the ocean and takes in Alaska and the Philippines and our other colonial possessions, and that includes our relations with south America and the protection of American trade and commerce wherever it may extend over the earth."

"National defense in that thur and broader sense means the creation of a navy that will keep control of the sea for the protection of our merchant ships."

"His argument may sound plausible until you examine it carefully and see what it really implies."

It is evident that as long as we have distant island possessions, even possessions of such dubious value as the Philippines, we should adopt all rational means of protecting them.

It will also be admitted that our Monroe doctrine imposes on us the obligation to have a fleet strong enough to give any Latin-American nation effective help in case of its sovereignty being imperilled by any foreign power, although thus far we have always effectively maintained that doctrine with a small navy.

But when we talk of creating a "navy that will keep control of the sea for the protection of American trade wherever it may extend, over the whole earth," we are setting into pretty deep water. For if that proposition means anything, it means that we should build and man a greater fleet than Great Britain now has or can hereafter create, and take Britain's place as the world's great sea power.

There can be no control of the sea by any nation without the strongest navy possessed by any of the powers. We may go further, and say that there can be no control of the sea without a stronger navy than is possessed by the two next strongest powers.

We are driven to the same conclusion by such arguments as those of Congressman Gardner of Massachusetts, one of the most zealous advocates of a big navy. In a recent statement, Mr. Gardner denied that he had ever advocated "the biggest navy in the world for the United States." But in the next breath he declared that "the United States ought to have a navy big enough to defend itself against any fleet which Great Britain would be able to bring to the attack."

This is a somewhat different matter from a navy big enough to go abroad into every sea and safeguard our trade at all times against any enemies in any quarter of the world. But its practical implication is almost the same. It requires, by implication, just about as big a fleet.

Our navy today is about half as strong as England's. We don't know what proportion of her fleet she might bring against us. If three-fourths, then we should need a fleet at least three-fourths as big as hers. But there is more than England to consider. Japan is her ally. Japan's fleet is about two-thirds as strong as ours. If any combined to attack us, we should evidently need a fleet bigger than England's to meet them. And there is the theoretical possibility of the British fleet being reinforced by other allies. Nations fight in groups now, and we alone among the powers have no allies. And so the size of our "necessary" navy grows, without limit of size or cost.

All this is ridiculous. What we are building a bigger navy for is primarily to defend our continental coast and prevent invasion. That is the only kind of navy the nation will vote for and pay for.

There are just three countries that we take into account in having possible enemies. They are Germany, Japan and Great Britain. The German navy is a little stronger than ours. The American people will probably agree that we ought to have a navy a little stronger than Germany's. And we can afford to build and maintain such a navy.

We need not fear Japan alone, with our present ratio of sea power, and still less with the increased superiority that a bigger navy than Germany's will give us. We can't imagine France or Italy or Russia or Austria joining her to attack us. There remains only Great Britain.

And the British bugaboo is the most absurd of all. We have got along with Great Britain amicably for a hundred years, though we have 5,000 miles of common frontier. We are bound now by stronger ties of common interest and sympathy than we have been for 150 years. The British labor element would probably revolt rather than help fight us. And there is Canada as a permanent hostage. If England attacked us by sea, we could so easily take and keep Canada, the flower of her colonies, that an unprovoked assault from that quarter is inconceivable except to the most rabid and visionary Anglophobe.

The war is said to be making the belligerent nations more religious. But you wouldn't know it from their actions.

Nobody seems to know any more what General Villa is fighting for, and probably he doesn't know himself; but he keeps right at it.

England is running true to form. The most hated Englishman today is Lord Northcliffe, who has dared to tell his countrymen the truth about the war.

What's going on in Europe isn't war. It's just plain killing. The only thing comparable to it in America is the stockyards—and the comparison isn't fair to the stockyards.

The allies are determined to defend Serbia even if it takes the last Serbian.

GOVERNOR HUNT'S HONOR SYSTEM

A Little Prose Poem
(With Apologies to Walt Mason)

Our well-beloved Governor Hunt declares in tones both firm and blunt that he will push his conviction to a serene conclusion, and raise to highest rank of State the guy who cracks another's pate or at an hour both dark and late burgles some institution. The honest man who strives and toils and burns six kinds of midnight oils and sweats and shakes and burns and boils in every kind of weather will end up in an Old Man's Home until they take his brainless dome and plant it underneath the loam beneath the waving heather. The chap who swipes an overcoat or robs a bank, or cuts a throat or steals a widow's only goat may bet his bottom dollar that he will drive thro' flowery ways behind a pair of spanking bays and wear a coat on winter days with fur around the collar. What folly 'tis to ply a pick when with a pipe or piece of brick you hit some plutocrat a lick and spend some months in prison, and get a job on coming out would make a railroad magazine poet and oft express the wish devout that such a snap were his'n. So when we quit this rain of tears, and blithely assert to other spheres let's hope the Governor perseveres in getting sinners pardons, for thus we may escape from—well, a place I do not care to spell and follow Hunt with harp and bell thro' the celestial gardens.

"CONN"

AUSTRALIA TO FRONT WITH 9,000 NEW MEN EVERY MONTH OF WAR

Minister of Defense Says That the Number Is the Irreducible Minimum; Need for Men Is Increasing.

MELBOURNE, Australia, Nov. 27.—"We want over 9,000 a month—that is the irreducible minimum," said Senator George F. Pearce, Minister of Defense, a few days ago in reference to recruiting in Australia.

"The Army Council has asked us to increase our percentage of reinforcements for the expeditionary force. We have been sending them forward in a proportion of from 10 to 15 per cent—a total of about 5,000 per month. It has now been asked that we shall increase this to 20 per cent which will mean over 9,000 a month. This intimation should stimulate recruiting throughout the Commonwealth as it shows that the need for men is increasing rather than decreasing. I feel sure that the manhood of the Commonwealth will be capable of keeping up the requisite supply for the front." Thus far about 150,000 men have enlisted in Australia.

Gilgandra, a town of 2,500 inhabitants in the wheat region of New South Wales, has since blossomed into war fame by reason of the fact that a squad of thirty volunteers from that place have started on a 2,300-mile march to Sydney, to go into training there. The residents of the town contributed a thousand dollars toward the initial cost of the march, and all along the route donations of cash and articles of general use are being made by interested men and women, and at almost every stopping place fresh men are joining as volunteers. The movement was originated by the captain of the Gilgandra Rifle Club, William T. Hitchen, a store keeper, and has the approval of the defense department.

The march is attended by many picturesque features. Most of the men have lived all their lives on the wheat plains of the state, among the wheat fields, and a number of them, including a former Methodist minister named Lee, have like Cluetastus in the old days in Rome, left their ripening crops to be reaped by neighbors while they go to war. Lee is a good speaker as he is doing most of the speech-making for the recruits at the rallies in the country towns. The men have been dubbed "the shoreball army" and each man is called a flake. A group of forty-five South Sea Island volunteers, also recently arrived in Wellington, New Zealand, from the Crook group, sonorously singing popular war songs in England in their native tongue.

When the natives left the Crook Islands, their friends and relatives bade them farewell in native fashion by kissing their feet. When Wellington was reached the recruits marched to Parliament house singing "Tipperary" and "Are We Downhearted?" in the language of the Cook Archipelago. The Maori members of Parliament addressed them with patriotic speeches, after which there was a haka or Maori war dance by the Maori legislators.

State Fire Marshal Baldwin of Pennsylvania says that a microscopic investigation of fires at Bethlehem, at Eddystone and at Trenton had convinced him that the blazes were deliberately started by human agencies.

BABES IN THE WOODS



TIP TOP TUNGSTEN PROSPECTS IMPROVE WITH SAMPLE RUNS

Old Mine's Dumps, Which Were Made Many Years Ago, Are Expected to Furnish a Great Tonnage of Wolframite.

PRESCOTT, Nov. 27.—In reviewing operations during the past month of the new syndicate which has recently taken over and revived the famous old Tiptop silver mines, for the wolframite values carried in the immense tonnage that was piled up on different dumps as long ago as thirty years, General Manager W. W. Elliott, who is in the city, made the following interesting statement yesterday:

"The sampling has been concluded of different dumps, containing approximately 120,000 tons, and test runs put through the mill of from 650 to 2,250 pounds each, have given returns in tungsten that are decidedly gratifying. The percentage of this metal carried is withheld, but is entirely satisfactory. Concentration for tungsten and cyanidation for silver was the process of determining these recoveries. This work was carefully conducted by F. A. Muter, a principal of the operating company, who is an experienced chemist, and there is no question whatever of the future of the property being an attractive one. My trip to Prescott at this time is to purchase additional machinery to be added to the present equipment, and large operations are to begin forthwith. The plan is to go into the mine and begin production, leaving the dumps untouched for the present. The tonnage of tungsten exposed in all old workings from the surface to the 300-foot level is so huge as to be incalculable. We have already opened the 200-foot level to the face for a distance of 1,100 feet, and an old slope between the first and second levels is also opened, as well as is the original shaft cleared from the surface to the 300-foot level. In all of these workings is exposed a fine grade of tungsten, and the resources of the property in this metallic asset as well as silver, are beyond speculation and decidedly gratifying."

This old camp resuming, has been envisioned a rush to that silver field, where many mines are known to carry tungsten ores that were asserted from the silver thrown aside when tungsten was booming, with the white metal quoted at \$1.25 per ounce. It is admitted, however, by mining men conversant with actual conditions of that belt, that Tiptop holds the key to that immense vault of tungsten, which is due to its vast exploration in early days, and the economical outlay that will be required to make the heavy production that is assured. The prospector, however, is again on the scene as in other days, and reports from the district show many locations are being made.

It was reported in Jersey City Saturday that the Union Pacific would arrange with Erie's Railroad line to New York and that the two lines would use the Exchange place terminal of the Pennsylvania.

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